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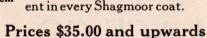
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The STUDENT'S PEN

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. X

Poetry

Essays and Specials

MARCH, 1925

No. 5

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In Loving Memory of Marion Corne Farrell

who left us on February 10, 1925 for the Great Beyond, from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Called to her real Home, she is gone to the Master she worshipped and loved. He, too, yearns for the choicest flowers from His earthly garden and we submit with "Fiat voluntas Tua-Thy will be done."

"She smiled and said "thanks" when we opened the door, And her smile stole our hearts day by day. Her presence in Nine upon the third floor, Just lingers like blossoms in May.

"For Marion there's Heaven where her soul entered in So pure and so spotless that knew not of sin. Can't we see Angels grouped on that Beautiful Shore Just to hear her say "thanks" as they open the door?"

> Margaret Cannon Commercial

In Memoriam

Asleep—just asleep. Past trouble and pain, Past life's sordid worries, past world loss or gain, Just resting in quiet till ready once more To take up a Life only dreamed of before.

Just treading the path the Saviour once trod, Leaning only on Love and the mercy of God, Unshaken and fearless, firm in the faith That conquers the sting of the grave and of death.

Just gone on before to the Home long prepared, Just waiting in peace till its joy may be shared, Casting off this weak mortal, immortal to stand A glorified soul in a glorified land.

> Frances M. Drinon Commercial '26

STUDENT'S PEN

Crossword Puzzles

(N the year 1924 there were three outstanding events: first, the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States; second, Washington's victory in the World Series: third, the greatest catastrophe since the famous shortage of bananas, the introduction of Crossword Puzzles.

Early in the year the public knew as much about cross word puzzles as they knew about the Chinese war, which was absolutely nothing.

By the end of the year the radio set had become obsolete, the Prince of Wales had returned home, the Mah Jongg set was hung up as a curiosity, and crossword puzzles became the favorite indoor sport of every loyal American citizen.

The terrible results of this fad will be felt about the year 1935. By that time everyone will be talking crossword English, and a simple sentence, such as, "The dog chased the cat up a post," will read in this manner, "The carnivorous animal belonging to the genus Canus pursued the domesticated quadruped feline from a lower to a higher position on a piece of timber set erect."

It is terrible to think about, but such will be the effect on our speech unless these puzzles are abolished from the earth.

It has been suggested that we send a few ship loads of puzzles to China in return for their game of Mah Jongg. But why be so cruel, especially since the national anthem of China now is, "California, Here I Come"? Within a short time our country would be overrun with laundry men talking crossword Chinese. This is a situation which must never come to pass for we have a hard time as it is trying to figure out the laundry check in order to save our pennies, for pocket dictionaries Howard Goold, '26 and erasers.

p. H. S. Sebenty-fifth Annibersary

TUDENTS of Pittsfield High School, do you realize that the year, 1925, is one of the outstanding years in the high one of the outstanding years in the history of your school? Pittsfield High School will be seventy-five years old in November of the present year, having been founded November 28th, 1850. This anniversary is an event which all the students and alumni of the school should plan to observe fittingly.

During the past seventy-five years P. H. S. has grown from a school having an enrollment of sixty-six pupils and a faculty of two teachers to a school with an enrollment of over nine-hundred students and a faculty of over forty teachers; from a school seated in one room, to the school of the present, housed in two buildings, and having a total number of thirty-two class and recitation rooms, besides the laboratories, the library, and so forth.

The course of study in 1850 was designed to prepare the students for college only; now it prepares them not only for institutions of higher learning but also for business and other activities.

Students, now is the time to start making the plans for this anniversary. Let us make it, as only Pittsfield High knows how, the greatest anniversary that any R. D. Stevenson, '25 high school has ever had.

Rip's boyhood was a pleasant one. He was a good-natured lad and consequently made many friends, the most intimate of whom was Nicholas Vedder, the son of the Tarrytown innkeeper. The boys had one trait in common. They both detested work. Rip was always ready for any enterprise that promised fun and novelty and was an ardent worker in such. But if the employment was even distantly related to work, Rip was a minus quantity. As a boy he loved to roam the woods, a gun over his shoulder, and a dog at his heels, and many were the times when he and Nick spent long, happy days in the forest.

As Rip and Nicholas grew older, their friendship strengthened and they were almost always to be found together. However, they differed in one respect. Nicholas was interested in girls, or, to be more exact, in one particular girl, Esther Dutcher. Rip was either too lazy or too indifferent to court a girl, but he was an interested spectator of Nick's affair. When Nicholas had courted Esther for some time and was on the point of proposing, his ardor received a severe blow. Esther, believing that she had Nick hooked and almost thrown, exhibited some of her natural authority. She informed him of a few things she would demand if they were married, among these being an increased energy and ambition on his part. As I have said, this nipped Nick's love in the bud, but he could not think of any way in which to decrease his attentions to Esther without causing offense. It was then that he appealed to Rip. Now Rip was always willing to help a friend and attend to other people's affairs. So, little dreaming why his friend's affection for Esther had subsided, Rip, after due consideration, decided to court the lady himself. Now this was not complete heroism on Rip's part. As we have often heard it said, opposites attract opposites, and the lazy Rip was rather fascinated by this ambitious, energetic, Dutch girl. Indeed he had grown to think her rather desirable since she had been claimed by another.

Accordingly, the second courtship of Esther commenced. Rip, having entered into the affair without urging, was most energetic in his efforts. And Esther, being ambitious, as has been said before, found that though Rip himself was not especially attractive to her, in combination with his farm and ancestral acres he became quite acceptable. And so the courtship was brought to a successful climax and an engagement agreed upon.

In no time the wedding day arrived. Rip, contrary to his nature, found himself rather nervous and uneasy on the morning of the fatal day, and as he had always found quiet and delight in a tramp through the woods, he set out early in the morning with his gun and dog to try and get himself better in hand. But alas! In the thrill of an exciting rabbit hunt he forgot the time and import of the day.

Now the wedding was to be held at the church, and it had been planned that Esther should come at two sharp and that Rip should be waiting for her. At the appointed hour she and her father arrived. But Rip was not there. The church was filled with interested neighbors, all dressed in their Sunday best, but no Rip was in sight. After a long and most agitated wait, during which the guests whispered curiously to each other and cast questioning glances back toward the vestibule, the outraged bride asserted her authority. She marched from the church, her bridal veil streaming gallantly behind her, and headed for Rip's home.

But there she found much more confusion than she had left at the church. Rip was not there and had not been all day. The whole household was in a panic, when Esther, anxiously peering through the window, spied Rip coming along the road, a rabbit slung across his back and a happy smile on his face. But when he saw Esther at the window in her bridal finery, a conscience stricken expression flashed across his face. This point marks the beginning of Rip's submission to petticoat government. After the first stunned halt in the center of the road, he made a wild dash for the rear door and could be heard stumbling up the back stairs. In a short time he made an apologetic descent, his face red from exertion and embarrassment, and his tie all awry. Then they set out for the church, Esther walking with a martial tread, Rip, with lagging but obedient steps. Behind them trailed the dog, head down, tail between his legs. The fatal knot was tied and Dame VanWinkle led her spouse homeward.

As the years passed, Rip developed into the hen-pecked individual that Irving pictured. The little Van Winkles were many and of amazing appetite. Rip, who had always detested farm work, neglected his acres and they became most unprofitable and difficult to cultivate. And Dame Van Winkle, finally giving up all hope of remaking her husband and greatly disappointed in her marriage, vented her wrath on the poor man, who shrank from the lash of her ready tongue that grew sharper with use. The most pleasant parts of his day were spent at the Tarrytown Inn where he held weighty conversations with Nicholas Vedder, who was now proprietor of the Inn, his father having died some years before. And shiftless Nick, as he sat smoking his long pipe on sunny afternoons, shifting his position only enough to keep in the shade of the elm tree in the Inn court, meditated on the fate the he had been spared and thanked his lucky stars, fervently and often.

Alice Canfield '26

Paddle Pour Own Canoe—If Pou Can

It is strange, but psychologically true that the most harrowing and disagreeable experiences make the greatest impressions on us. That is why, I suppose, when we are asked to give a personal experience, we immediately think of those rare but thrilling times, when we were nearest death, or at least when we were the most frightened. So there always leaps to my mind, at the mention of experiences, a little canoe trip I took two years ago.

Mary Stafford had invited me to spend the summer with her and her family at their camp in Maine. Of course, the invitation was an occasion of much joy to me, joy which lasted even through the long, uncomfortable automobile ride to my destination. As I was a great swimming and paddling enthusiast at the time, when I saw that wonderful sheet of water, Long Lake, upon whose shores the Stafford's camp was located, I thought nothing could be nearer my idea of heaven. It was not long before I was out on the water, joyfully blistering my tender hands, and trying desperately to cultivate a lovely tan, which persisted in remaining a fiery red.

But much to my disappointment we were not allowed to go out in the canoe very often, because frequently the winds were so high that paddling was almost impossible. One morning, however, everything coincided only too well with our hitherto thwarted desires. Everyone had gone to Bridgton except Mary and me, who had been delegated to get the dinner. But it was now only eight o'clock and there was no need of doing that for two or three hours. As if she had read my unspoken thoughts, Mary remarked casually,

"Let's go for a paddle before dinner. The lake's just right and the sun's not shining, so it won't be too hot."

The sky was so dark and cloudy, indeed, that it should have warned us, but there are occasions when every reason for not doing something makes two in favor of it. That, unfortunately, was the case then. No sooner was it suggested, than we were out in the canoe and starting swiftly up the lake toward Harrison, against the light breeze that had just sprung up and was ruffling the water. For a while all went well. The ten o'clock steamboat went up the lake, screaming its strident whistle at every stop, and we rested our oars and rocked in its wake. Only after it was out of sight did we notice that the waves were rising, and that the wind was no longer gentle, but rough and growing in strength momentarily.

We had both seen a lake storm and knew just how high and savage the waves could be, so turning, we started back, being literally blown down the lake. Since we did not dare change places in such rough water, Mary put up her paddle and I attempted to steer. This was no easy task with the wind and waves so strong. However, in spite of this, everything might not have happened as it did, had I not clumsily lost my paddle. To try to recover it was folly but, against Mary's protests, I did that very thing. I paddled sideways against the waves, that were now rising unpleasantly high, and steered towards shore and the elusive paddle. And then, just as I was realizing our perilous situation, an immense wave rolled toward us—over us—and instantaneously, as it seemed, we were

in the water. I came up gasping and looked about for Mary. Although she was an expert swimmer, I was afraid that the canoe, in capsizing might have struck her, but I was relieved to see her a few feet from me, treading water and, as I thought, waiting to see what I would do. However, I soon realized that she was trying to kick off her shoes, which, of course, were an impediment in swimming. Seeing her wisdom, I followed her example and, without wasting words struck out for the canoe, signalling Mary to do the same.

While we had been removing our shoes, the boat had been borne swiftly down the lake, but, as we were going with the waves, we soon overtook it and clung, shivering to it, reserving our strength for swimming until later. However, I had been mistaken as to the direction of the wind, for we were being taken out to the middle, so that when we got down to the camp dock, we should be, perhaps a mile from shore and should have some difficulty in making ourselves heard and seen. I shuddered as I thought what might happen to us when the steamboat made its return trip. Nor did I trust myself to swim in, for I soon tired even in the calmest water. I urged Mary to try it for I knew she could easily accomplish that and more, but she was too loyal to desert me in such a predicament.

In less time than it takes to tell it, we were opposite the camp. As we had expected, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, Perry, and the girls were out on the dock. There was no way to signal and it would have been useless to call, but they must have seen us, for we could hear the familiar clang of the dinner bell and then, oh, blessed sight! Mr. Stafford and Perry in the brave, little motorboat plowing straight through the waves toward us.

I always draw the veil over the rest of the story, how we were rushed home, rubbed, and dosed, and coddled for a couple of days, because it has been the source of much remorse and shame to me. But Mary, like the true sport she is, says that if she never has another thrill in her life, she will always have that exciting adventure to recall.

Margaret Tompkins '26

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Henry Van Dyke

His Golden Chance

JOR four years "Johnny" Benes had been warming the bench at all Brewston Prep's basketball games.

Every year he had tried for the team, but each time he had failed, just showing enough promise to be kept on the squad. Each year he had waited for a chance to "sub," but it had never come. Now it was one week before the biggest game of the year, a game which would show the relative merits of an eastern team and a western team, for Brewston Prep was to journey to Buffalo to play the crack Masten Park High School team. Thus, champions of two states, Illinois and New York, were to play in a game which attracted nation-wide attention.

Johnny hoped and prayed that he would be one of the ten lucky ones who would make the trip, and at the daily practice he played like a demon. Never before had he worked so hard. Never had he shown such patience and perseverance in working out the various plays. If the coach would only choose him,he would be the happiest boy in the world, he thought. How he worked and how he hoped. And then, Heaven be praised for its beneficence! when the coach read off the names of the boys who had been chosen, Johnny's name was read, too. To be sure, it was only on the substitute list, but it was there. That was what counted.

It was a joyous crowd that went to the station to see the boys off. Johnny, delighted that his long-hoped-for opportunity had come, promised the cheering throng that Brewston Prep should never taste defeat, not if he could prevent it. His eyes shone with anticipation of victory and his hopes were high.

Arriving in Buffalo, the team practiced faithfully in preparation for the big game. At last the great night came, and Johnny found himself, as usual, on the bench. Excitment filled the air, and both teams appeared nervous in the first half. They left the floor in a twelve to twelve deadlock. The second half was much better played. So evenly were the teams matched that three minutes before the final whistle, the score stood twenty-eight to twenty-eight, and then the coach said,

"Benes in at right guard."

He was sure that Johnny would not fail Brewston Prep and that victory would be theirs.

Trembling with excitement, Johnny reported to the referee and started in. He played hard, watched his man closely, and then—suddenly the ball was in his hands. An attack of stage fright overcame him and he forgot which basket belonged to his team. He started up the floor, hesitated, turned, and went in the opposite direction. Cries of "Shoot!" rang in his ears. In a daze he pushed his way to the foul line and threw the ball. It went clean through the hoop just as the whistle blew and the game was won—for Masten Park. The ball had gone into the wrong basket!

Poor Johnny! His chums gathered around him and censured him severely for his failure to keep his head. The Buffalo team, flushed with victory, gave cheer upon cheer and at the end came the words, "Benes, Benes," But for Johnny there was no comfort. He had lost the championship for his team, and his dreams of victory had come to naught. The hopes of four years were blasted.

W. D. Hetsler, '27

One Adbenturous Right

It was dark and it was raining. The wind blew across the fields and thru the trees with such force as almost to shatter the little car which was carefully moving along the road. It's occupant, a young and pretty girl, gripped the steering wheel and anxiously peered into the darkness.

"I'll never get there, if this keeps up," she murmured to herself. "They won't think I'm coming because of this storm. I do wish I had let them know before I started. Dick could have come for me. Now, what's the matter?"

The engine gasped, sputtered, and then stopped. Betty climbed out and by the aid of her flashlight examined the car for damage. She could scarcely keep her balance so violent was the wind, nor could she locate the trouble. She got in and tried the engine again, but in vain. Again she climbed out and this time she found that the gas tank was empty! Out of gas, and miles away from home; still farther away from Polly's home, and worst of all, stranded in the midst of a dark and gloomy forest!

Betty was not a girl who could be easily frightened, but tonight the rain, the wind, and dark forest would have terrified anyone. She huddled up in a corner of the car and waited—for what?

"Suppose no one passes by here," she thought. "I'll have to stay here all night. Dad will be so worried."

She fell to thinking of her beloved father, who had been father and mother to her for fifteen years, (she was eighteen now,) of his business, and of the strange little old man who hated her father with such intense hatred. She had seen him but once, and then she had wondered why he had stared at her so.

Gradually, Betty became sleepy and, lulled by the wind and the rain beating on the top of the car, she fell asleep. Something awakened her! What was it? Wiping off the windshield, she looked out. It seemed as the something white was floating toward her. With a frightened exclamation, she shrank back into her seat. In front of the car, revealed by the light, stood the little, old man, her father's enemy, "But," Betty added, hastily to herself to keep up her courage, "not mine, I hope."

Deliberately, he came up to the car, opened the door, and stood staring at her. "I—I've run out of gas. Could you take me to a house where there is a 'phone?"

"Hm, yes, I guess I can. You'll have to get out though and walk a bit of a way."

Betty climbed out of the car and together the two fought their way across the rain-swept road and thru the forest to a small log cabin. The old man unlocked the door and motioned Betty to enter. The inside of the cabin was warm and cozy but—Betty saw no telephone! Turning to her companion she said,

"I thought we were going to a telephone. There—there is no 'phone here."

The little, old man smiled, a peculiar smile. He turned and locked the door, pocketed the key, and indicated a chair to Betty.

"I've a story to tell you," he began suddenly. "I want you to sit there and listen to me."

"But I must call Dad first. He'll be so worried when Polly calls to see if I'm coming. Please, let me call Dad," pleaded Betty.

"No, you're going to stay here a few days."

"But-but-," pleaded Betty.

"I said, you're going to stay here awhile. Now keep still and listen to me."

Betty, realizing that resistance was useless, settled down to listen to what she thought was the whim of the old man.

"Now," he said, "I'm going back twenty years. Your father and I were both in the lumber business. The Great Star Lumber Company was selling out and so I bid. Your father bid, also. I was sure I had it. No one knew how much I had offered, but I knew that I had overbid your father. You can imagine my surprise when your father doubled his bid and took possession of the Great Star. Because he had a finer grade of lumber than I, he slowly took my business away from me.

A few years ago I came up here to await a chance to buy a good lumber camp. A short while back, the Peterson Lumber Company wanted to sell. I wanted this camp for my son who will come home from college this month, but again your father overbid me. Can you wonder that I hate him when he continually thwarts my plans? And now," he continued, "my son will have no business. I could have borrowed to buy the lumber company out, but now I'm a ruined man, and all because of your father. But now I have it in my power to revenge my wrong, and my vengeance will be sweet. I knew you were going thru here tonight, and I saw to it that you had only a little gas left in your car."

"But what do you want with me?" asked the now thoroughly frightened Betty.

"I'm coming to that."

The old man laughed and the shivers ran up and down Betty's spine.

"But I don't understand why-," she was beginning when he interrupted.

"You will understand."

There was something threatening in the old mans' tone.

"You'll understand. I'm going to hold you for ransom. No," as Betty started up, "not for money, but for the Peterson Lumber Company."

"But you can't have that. It belongs to Dad, now."

"Oh, but it will belong to me. You will write your father a note saying that you are in my power. He must sign over the Peterson Lumber Company to me to obtain your freedom. Oh, of course," he added mockingly, "I'll pay him twenty thousand for it."

"But Dad paid sixty thousand for the camp," Betty said, indignantly.

"The other forty thousand is for your safe return. Think it over. I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

The little, old man left the room. Chuckling to himself, he carefully locked the door after him.

Betty, left alone, began to think that she must comply with the wish of her jailer. She was in the power of the old man, completely isolated in a cabin, the

existence of which was known only to a few. With bowed head she gave herself up to a careful and thorough review of the situation. There was no way out.

Even as she thought, a hand was fumbling with the lock. The key turned, the door opened, and in stepped a young man, Betty arose and stood waiting for him to speak.

"Why, what are you doing here?" he asked when he had recovered from his surprise at seeing her there.

"I'm here as a prisoner, or rather I am being held for ransom," replied the girl. "But who is keeping you here?"

Quickly Betty told him the whole story, and she added, as she glanced at her watch,

"He'll be back in five minutes now."

"But you won't be here. I'm Jack Sumners. The little, old man, as you call him, is my father. He doesn't expect me from college until tomorrow. I went home first and as he wasn't there, I knew he must be up here. He loves the woods. But, I can take you to the party in my car, which I left down the road."

Betty agreed to his plan and only too gladly, she followed her deliverer out. After a slight delay, due to the total darkness and the rain, they reached his car, and Jack, who was an expert driver, was soon speeding along the highway.

Before Betty realized it, she was at Polly's.

The party was in full sway, but Betty and her companion were immediately surrounded by an eager group of questioning, young people. Betty laughingly told them that she had run out of gas and had been rescued by a modern knight-errant with a high-powered car. When Jack turned to leave, Polly invited him to stay. He glanced at Betty, who nodded her head eagerly, and then he decided to accept the invitation.

As time went on, Jack became one of the most popular members of Betty's set, and he and Betty never tired talking of her adventure and her escape, altho to this day, the little, old man has never ceased to wonder about the mysterious disappearance of his prisoner.

Alvce Columbia, '26

The Finding of the "Pawhuska"

WO strangers arrived at the little Arizonian mountain town of Whittmore during the rainy season of the late summer of 1883. One was a tired, hungry, brown collie, which appeared at the village store about noon; the other, a young man who arrived on the afternoon stage coach.

"Wall," drawled Tom Jenks, the store keeper, as he eyed the collie, "Look pritty wornout, don't ya! Can't keep ya aroun' here tho'! Better be movin'."

He opened the door and the dog was forced out into the storm, accompanied by a loud "git out." At this moment, the stage coach arrived, and Harry Weston, alighting, was just in time to see the dog so cruelly turned into the pelting rain. He called the collie to him and patting him on the head, said, "Pup, you and I will be pals."

STUDENT'S PEN

The dog responded to these kind words by placing his head in Weston's hand as if to give his consent.

"Bravo," mused Harry, smoothing the dog's velvety ears.

The following morning, after purchasing two pack horses and supplies enough to last several days, Harry Weston started on his trip to the Shawtug Plateau. Up into the hills he climbed following a canyon wall until he came to the plateau. There, under the shade of a huge cliff, he pitched camp.

Years before in Harry's youth, an old Indian had told the boy's father of a gold mine, the "Pawhuska," located in the heart of the Shawtug region. The older Weston had gone in search of it, and had never returned. George More, young Weston's pal, on growing to manhood, had heard the tale and had been tempted by this story of hidden treasure. So without telling Harry of his intention, for he feared he would object, he had gone alone into the Arizonian Mountains. Upon learning this, Harry had departed for Whittmore to join his chum.

The heat, however, became so intense, the sand so hot, and the short grass, upon which his horse fed, so parched, that Harry knew that it would be impossible for him to remain and continue his search for his friend. As he was taking down the tent, which he had put up only yesterday, Bravo ran up to him with a strange, half-joyful, half-whimpering bark. Reaching his new master, he placed his paw on Harry's hand and then looked toward the hills. Wondering what could attract Bravo, Harry followed him for some distance, along a narrow path, thru' a deep canyon, and around a steep, rocky cliff.

With a joyous bark Bravo leaped forward, stopping before a crude structure of boards. It was the entrance to the "Pawhuska" for there were picks and shovels. Weston's thoughts immediately turned to More. Where was he? His attention was attracted by Bravo, who was running in and out the cabin.

As Weston entered the hut to investigate, he caught sight of the haggard form of a man lying on the floor in the corner.

"George," he called after a moment's hesitation.

There was no answer for the man had been overcome by fatigue and heat. Immediately, Weston took out his flask and raised it to More's parched lips. He did all he could for the sick man, who, refreshed by the cool water, soon fell into a quiet slumber. Weston turned to Bravo, who lay with his head upon More's arm, and patting the dog on the head, he said kindly,

"Pup, you deserve your name—'Bravo'!"

E. Schulze, '27

"Square your shoulders to the world!

It's easy to give in—

Lift your chin a little higher!

You were made to win.

Grit your teeth, but smile, don't frown,

We all must bear our bit,

It's not the load that weighs us down,

It's the way we carry it!"

Selected

Government De Luxe

T was one of those nasty March days when all one can see are endless torrents of water coming from leaden skies, and huge streams running ceaselessly on in the gutters. The condition of the ground made the out-of-doors wholly unattractive, so, in a dormitory of Shelton College, in the little town of Concordia, Maine, a select group was engaged in the exquisite pastime of wearying one another. We say "select" for this was no ordinary gathering. You are about to have an intimate peep at the famous Four Guardsmen of Shelton College. Here are Gil Ross, Stacey Lake, and Arn Morton, but where is the leader of this fun-loving crew? Where is Skeets Brander? Suddenly the door is flung open and in rushes the missing member. His eager, excited face plainly shows that he has something startling to tell, and the others gather around him expectantly.

"Listen carefully to what I am going to say, so I shall not have to repeat for the benefit of your low intellects."

Such was the cold, dignified preamble to Skeet's remarks.

"You are perhaps aware that the town of Concordia is in the state of Maine," he continued.

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"I will even go so far as to state that you may possibly know that Maine has a legislature."

"Hurry up! Come to the point."

"Well, this legislature has suddenly realized that in the state there are a great many young men who have come from their homes in other states in order to get an education. Investigations show that a sizeable precentage of these students are of age and can vote in their own states, so, unwilling to deprive them of their right to vote, the legislature yesterday passed a bill which declares that all students who have the privilege of voting at home may vote in Maine, also."

"But I thought you had something to tell us," spoke Stacey in a disgusted tone.
"Wait a minute! How many do you think there are in college to whom this might apply?"

"All in all, about one hundred," said Gil carelessly.

"Well," cried Skeets, "that settles it, because when I inquired this afternoon, the storekeeper told me that the town meeting will be held a week from today; that the high record for attendance is ninety-seven; and that as interest is low this year, the number will probably be considerably less."

"I may be awfully stupid, but I don't get you at all," said Stacey.

"Don't you? Well, for a long time I've thought that there was a sad state of affairs in and around Concordia, which might be remedied by an intelligent voting majority, such as the hundred fellows that you mentioned, Gil."

Skeets spoke these words with a careless air, but his wink was the most knowing imaginable. Like a flood of light, understanding burst over the other three, and they quickly surrounded him, pounding him on the back in congratulation, and demanding further details. It was finally decided that the four should canvass the school, giving instructions, and carefully coaching the prospective voters. During the next few days little groups were constantly wandering into the town to

STUDENT'S PEN

register, but as the groups were always small and never conspicuous, they were barely noticed. Indeed, the only comment made was that this was another scheme of the boys to get their names permanently placed, like the carving of initials in Yerke's Drug Store.

At last the great day came. The meeting was to be held at nine-thirty o'clock, and by nine-twenty, about seventy-five townspeople had assembled to transact the year's business. The town clerk was just about to proceed to the appointment of a moderator, when suddenly the door was flung open and exactly ninety-seven youths marched solemnly in. The chief selectman jumped to his feet.

"Here! here! Visitors to the side!" he cried.

The firm but respectful answer came back, "We're registered under the Student's Voting law and we've come to exercise our rights."

They sat down in a compact group. Then a carefully drilled senior arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, let us proceed to the business of the day." The students voted in unison, much like a well-oiled machine. Skeets, under the dignified name of Alfred Lance Brander, was speedily elected moderator. Gil, who had been coached perfectly, arose gravely and informed the meeting that the fire-horse, Ben, who had pulled the rickety, old engine for many years, deserved some reward, so he moved that a plot of land be marked off and kept up by the town for Ben's enjoyment when not on duty. This proposal was seconded and passed with an ease and dispatch which astounded the wrathful villagers.

Next came a motion concerning the town horse trough. It might be explained here that although France may have had her guillotine, England, her execution dock, and Spain her burning stakes, Concordia had, and always will have, her horse trough. When a lower classman did not behave himself, he was gently but firmly immersed therein and cleansed of sin. Fatty Binns, a sophomore, and one of the most consistent offenders, had upset their plans for punishing him, as he was far too large to fit in the trough. Consequently, one of the next decisions was to obtain a larger horse trough that this fat youth might be shown the error of his ways.

Hank Gibbs, the veteran street cleaner, was informed that in the future he would wear, instead of a conventional white uniform, a special one decorated with the Shelton green and gold. Osmond, the austere president of the Senior Class, was appointed as Hank's assistant and given a tin badge six inches in diameter, with instructions to wear it at all times. Football dates were declared legal holidays, and lastly, Professor Bates (Sanskrit), who was a much bewildered bystander, was solemnly notified of his election as constable and told that he would be provided as soon as possible with a horse, upon which he must perform his duties. By this time it was twelve-thirty so the meeting adjourned until the following day at nine A. M.

The next morning the boys gathered on the campus and awaited impatiently the coming of Skeets. Soon he appeared, holding in his hand a sealed envelope. Everyone wished to start immediately for the town hall, but he warned them to wait a little longer. Calling "Red" Gallagher, the messenger boy, he gave him the envelope and told him to take it to the town hall, deliver it to the clerk, and tell him to read the contents to the assembled voters.

At nine sharp, Red entered the hall and handed the letter over to the clerk. There was a dead silence as the official read the note; then came a bellow of rage

and dismay! Immediately the doors were thrown open and out burst a disgusted, ashamed-looking crowd of farmers and townspeople.

"Good night! What was in that letter?" gasped one student.

"I wrote something like this," replied Skeets with a quiet smile. "'If you will look in the registry books, you will find that about fifteen non-resident voters forgot to put down the date. As these persons voted yesterday, all measures passed were illegal, so you had better hold your meeting over again. We wish you a merry town meeting. Signed: The Voters from Shelton."

So the students, with Skeets on their shoulders held a triumphant procession around the campus, and about three hundred disgruntled farmers, who had come to town expressly to show up these smart collegians, toiled angrily home with a strong feeling which grew steadily stronger, that they were no match for the quick-witted college boys.

J. H. Walker, '27

The Perfect Student

I am a perfect student with much honor to my name.

My attitude and studiousness have won me worldwide fame.

I always get to school on time, I never could be late.

My lessons always are well done; they're never left to Fate.

I study every evening till the old clock strikes midnight.

I get up in the morning with the rays of dawning light.

I never whisper, laugh nor talk, nor run along the halls.

I always answer courteously whenever teacher calls.

Now don't you wish that you could say the same as I have said?

And don't you wish my crown of fame could rest upon your head?

Don't you wish that you could say that all these things you do?

I'll bet you do, for don't you see, I wish that I could too.

Frances Rawson
Commercial

An English mother was visiting her son at college.

[&]quot;Well, dear," she asked, "what languages did you decide to take?"

[&]quot;I have decided to take Pictish, Mother," he replied.

[&]quot;Pictish?" said the puzzled lady, "why Pictish?"

[&]quot;Only five words of it remain," he said.

A Study Hour

"My gracious! I've forgotten to do my French and I'll have to do it before I go out."

With a sigh I picked up my Chardenal and prepared to study,

"Let me see. I have to learn these rules on page twenty-seven—and, oh, yes, I've got to finish my French composition. Oh, dear, why did I think of that lesson anyway?"

There was no one there to answer that perfectly unnecessary question, so I opened my book and started to con the intricacies of French grammar. Now and then I glanced at the clock.

"It's to be at eight o'clock and it's only five past seven now," I reassured myself.

"Come on in. I've got a gun and some trains to play with," I heard my brother saying out in the hall. After much stamping of feet my brother and three of his friends entered. He made a dive into his room and soon emerged with a music-box, a gun, and a set of trains.

"Don't ya shoot the gun until I get the train ready. Then youse can make believe you're robbers and hold up the train. I must be the engineer and you must let me shoot you. When I say 'bang, bang' you "

But this was more than even I could stand.

"You'll do no such thing," I cried indignantly, "I've some homework to do and you get out of here. Right away, too," I added.

"Make me, make me," cried that young individual.

"Well, I will," I began, jumping up.

"Bang!"

I turned around and found myself looking into the muzzle of my brother's old gun.

"You're our prisoner," said the youngster with the gun. "Hold up your hands," he commanded.

"I won't."

But before I could get any further, I found myself on the floor with four healthy boys on top of me.

"Mother," I wailed, and when they heard her coming, the four of them departed swiftly, hurling vindictive "Tattle-tales" at me as they went.

Again I settled down to study, but just as I thought I knew that rule, the most awful racket burst forth from the kitchen and completely scared the rule out of my head. Rushing into the other room, I found that the pots and pans that I had carelessly piled on the stove had descended to the floor in a regular avalanche.

"Never mind, I'll pick them up," I told my mother as she went to open the door, for someone was knocking.

"Is she ready," cried a regular chorus."

"Yes," I hurried to reply, after glancing at the clock. It was five minutes of eight.

I gave one despairing look at my French book, and pulled on my hat, muttering to myself, "That old lesson will have to wait until tomorrow, so there!"

Alvce Columbia, '26

All Nature's Calling Me

The day is fair and the skies are soft; Oh, it seems like spring today! All Nature's fragrance fills the air And the wind seems to whisper to come and play!

My heart is longing for fields and hills, And the brown, friendly look of the trees. Oh, to clasp my arms 'round some huge pine Or to run once more in the breeze!

To one who loves these things as I 'Tis hard to stay away.
All Nature seems to call to me
To come to her today!

Elaine Carruthers, '25

Success

Success is not attained by those
Who would but ask for it,
For all great men have reached their goal
By courage, work and grit.

They've climbed the ladder step by step, They've labored hard and long, And when at last their task was done, The world burst forth in song.

You won't become great all at once, But now, remember still, Just keep on trying to succeed And then you surely will.

Monica M. J. Killeen '25

Life

To spend my life amongst the flowers;
To dream away my sweetest hours,
While there are wafted on the breeze
All Nature's lovely melodies;
To spend my life amongst the hills
And watch the clouds, till Beauty fills
My heart with ecstacy—
Ah—that is Life!
Elaine Carruthers '25

BOOK REVIEWS



The Enchanted Will

By Peter B. Kyne

JN Mr. Kyne's book "The Enchanted Hill," we have plenty of excitement, a lot of shooting, a loyal and efficient dog, some energetic villains, and several air planes to help keep events moving at a lively pace. Then there is a girl, of course; in fact, there are two girls, Lee Purdy's half-sister and Miss Gail Ormsby of Los Angeles, with whom Lee fell in love the very first time he saw her. But he had quite a collection of enemies, the worst of them being Ira Todd, the manager of Box K Ranch, which Gail Ormsby had recently inherited from her uncle.

Lee Purdy was, generally speaking, an intelligent person, but in the first chapter, we find him doing a rather foolish thing—taking a nap in the sun after seeing a shipment of his steers started westward from the flag station of San Onofne, N. W. Some one had already poisoned some of his dogs, his best saddle horse had been shot, and a number of other unpleasant things had happened to make it uncomfortable for him in the country, so that he would sell his ranch, La Cuesta Enchantada ("The Enchanted Hill") at a very low price. But he had never dreamed that this someone would go so far as to hire a gunman to shoot at him from ambush, yet that is just what happened. But Lee Purdy was a much better shooter than the killer, whom he at once disabled. This might seem adventure enough for one day, but more was to come. For the Limited from California stopped at San Onofne and a passenger alighted, none other than the beautiful Gail Ormsby. No one was there to meet her; in fact, there wasn't anyone in sight, except, of course, Lee Purdy. Thus began an acquaintance which traveled a rough road before it reached its destined end.

If anyone likes a book that simply compels him to rush from one chapter to another and on to the end of the book, this one by Peter B. Kyne will satisfy all his desires.

Margaret McCourt, '25

"Beau Brocade"

THIS story, written by Baroness Orczy, is a romance of England in the time of King George, the Third. Men were opposing their tyrant-king,—and were paying for this with their lives. It portrays the love of a brother and sister, the faithfulness of a country smithey, and the love of a soldier-bandit for a fair lady.

The chief scenes are laid in the English moorlands; particularly at the village forge and at the inn. Sir Philip, a young noble, is unjustly accused of being a rebel, and is sentenced to death by Parliament. He entrusts his sister, Lady Patience, with letters from rebel-leaders, letters which proved beyond doubt that he was innocent. The customary villain does the usual thing—steals the evidence in order to force the sister to marry him It is here that our hero steps in to rescue the Lady Patience; he is Beau Brocade, (alias Jack Bathurst,) a highway man. The rest of the tale is a record of the daring deeds committed by Beau Brocade in order to save Philip and Patience.

There was nothing in the book to recommend it as unusual, for it is but a lesser novel of an ordinary writer. It does, however, give one an impression of the hap-

penings in England at this historical period, as well as a glimpse of the character of the English country-folk.

On a whole "Beau Brocade" is a book for light reading, a tale of adventure and excitement which is quite interesting.

Mary C. Varcoe, '26

Monsieur Beaucaire

by Booth Tarkington

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE was written by Booth Tarkington, a well-known American author and humorist.

The leading character in the book is the Duke le Chartres, who has been forced to flee from the court of Louis XV, upon his refusal to wed a princess of the royal court by royal command. He goes to England where he masquerades successfully as a barber under the name of Beaucaire. He becomes deeply infatuated with Mary Carlisle, the belle of Bathe, but he is scorned by her. Later he humbles her when he reveals his true identity as a prince of the blood. Louis pardons him and he returns once again to France where he weds the royal princess.

The story is one of Tarkington's best, written in his usual vivid style with a delicacy of touch and accuracy of characterization that hold the reader's interest to the end.

Grace Laramee, '26

The Homemaker

OROTHY CANFIELD, in her last book, one might say, has changed her tactics. Instead of her usual very entertaining novel with its high ethical standards, she has created something greater. Mrs. Fisher has pricked the bubble of a conventional idea that the mother is the natural home-maker. Neither is it the pessimistic and depressing disillusionment one has come to expect in the present-day novel—the presentation of the problem and its solution are all as natural, and the characters as commonplace as life itself.

Lester Knapp is a most appealing and pathetic figure—the appreciative rather than the creative genius. Leaving his beloved university and plunging into married life, while still very young, he is called by his employer thirteen years later, a "dead loss," "impractical," and "wool-gathering." "Somebody," Mr. Willing continues, "ought to have pushed him off to be a dish-washer, or a college professor, or into one of those jobs that a man without any jump in him can hold."

There seemed to be nothing that could happen to him to change his leaden, gloomy out-look on life to one of cheerful anticipation. Nor was there any apparent escape from the detestable and monotonous round of existence that was a veritable prison cell for his wife. Chained to her home and three children, loathing housework, hating poverty, and impatient at her children's immaturity, no one could be more typical of a woman in her wrong sphere than was Evangeline Knapp. And was there a way out for the three children, innocent victims of their parents incompatibility—not to each other, but to their work? There was; and the untangling of this intricate and sadly twisted web forms the plot of this intense and finely written book.

M. E. Tompkins, '26



SCHOOL NOTES



A New Member of the Faculty

Our new teacher is Miss Mary Kelly. She is a native of Pittsfield and a graduate of Pittsfield High School. The College of St. Elizabeth, located in Morristown, New Jersey, she claims as her Alma Mater. Miss Kelly has had several years experience and now intends to teach English here in Pittsfield High. We all hope Miss Kelly will enjoy her new work here and enter zealously into the spirit of our school.

Student Council

The Student Council held its first meeting in Room 18, February 13th. Mr. Strout presided and chose John Gannon, James Hickey and Agnes Wentworth as the nominating committee. The following officers and committees were elected: President, A. L. Tanner, Secretary, Agnes Wentworth. The Executive Committee includes the president, secretary, James Hickey, William Shimmon, and John Gannon; Lunch Room Committee: Helen Durant, Justine Madden, John Walker, and Victor Minotti; Assembly Committee: Nathanael Greene, William Hetsler, George Loveless, Helen Durant and Justine Madden; Traffic Committee: James Hickey, William Hetsler and Agnes Wentworth; and the Interior Committee: John Curtis, Fred Hall, and Nicholas Morsello. It was decided to hold a meeting once a week until certain conditions were straightened out.

Bandwork Club

Proving that there are modern girls who are still interested in the art of our grandmothers, we have here in Pittsfield High School, two organized Handwork Clubs. These groups are in charge of Miss Lanou. The larger club which has about thirty-two members meets in the kitchen during Period A on Friday. The other, having twenty one members meets during the sixth period on Thursday. At present the girls are making wicker serving trays, coaster trays, boudoir lamps and candle shades.

Etiquette Club

Not so long ago, some of our noted students felt the need of a class where etiquette was taught. As it was impossible to include such a class in our curriculum, the next best thing was to organize a club to meet during Period A on Fridays. Thus came about the formation of the Etiquette Club under the supervision of Miss Kahliher. It was welcomed so heartily and became so popular that those who belonged last term, can no longer attend the meetings of the club. At present the officers are: *President*, Meta Hawkins; *Vice-President*, John Bonnington; *Secretary*, Martha Howes. If you wish to join the group, go to Room 4, "A" period on Friday. Then you'll know "what is wrong in this picture."

The Debating Club

The Debating Club has again organized under the supervision of Mr. Carmody. There are now forty-three members, some of whom were in the club last semester. At the meeting held February thirteenth, Carmen Massimiano was elected president and Antonio Massimiano, secretary. It is the hope of the club to debate with other schools some time in the near future.

C. M. T. C.

CommanderSgt. George LeBarnesVice-CommanderCorp. Donald RingieAdjutantCorp. Francis McMahonQuartermasterPriv. Raymond HaynExecutive StaffPrivs. Garrison, Milne and Kent

Six new men have enrolled and have already proved themselves to be of great value to the corps because of their exceptional ability in military tactics. It is the very earnest desire of the corps officials to enroll other young men interested. These students are urgently requested to sign up as soon as possible. Get in touch with some member of the corps. We meet in the Lunch Room every Friday morning during the A period.

G. Le Barnes, '25 (Commanding)

The Glee Club meets A Period on Fridays in the auditorium. There is at present a membership of about fifty with Mr. Smith as director. The strains of "Oh! Italia Beloved" sound very pleasing to students in nearby rooms.

Miss Waites' Public Speaking Club meets in Room 17 during the A Period on Fridays. The club took up the work where they left off last semester. Their only class officer is their secretary, Miss Lois Young. There are about eighteen club members.

The Radio Club holds its meetings in the Physical Laboratory. The supervising teacher is Mr. Lucey. They have elected the following club officers:

President.Sumner GamwellVice-PresidentFranklin BrambleSecretaryMargaret ConnallyTreasurerDonald Curtis

The "Current Events Club" meets every Friday A Period in room 2 under the supervision of Mr. Brierly. It has a membership of fifteen.

At the meeting on February 13th the following topics were reported on and discussed: "The City Budget," "Congressional Investigations," Floyd Collins," and the "Turkish-Gracae" situation.

[&]quot;Not failure but low aim is crime."

STUDENT'S PEN

Senior A Class

Here we are, the best Senior A Class yet.

The class began its activities by holding a class meeting Thursday, February 19th. At this time the officers for the semester were elected. They are:

PresidentJames MaloyVice-PresidentAgnes WentworthTreasurerHelen PattenSecretaryLois Young

A financial report was read by the treasurer which showed that a very substantial sum was on hand:

Lois Young, Sec'y.

Senior B Class Rotes

A meeting of the Senior B Class was held Tuesday, February 10th, for the purpose of electing officers. Miss Clifford, the class advisor, was in charge. Edward Connally, having proved faithful during the Junior year, was re-elected president. The officers are as follows:

PresidentEdward ConnallyVice-PresidentPeter GardenSecretaryLawrence GoddeauTreasurerWilfred Blais

A ring committee was also appointed. This committee consists of William Whalen, chairman; Wilfred Blais, Victor Blais, Marion Barbour and Marguerite May.

The following committee from the Class decorated for graduation: Chairman, William Whalen, Marie Cullen, Virginia Denison, Peter Garden, Edward Connally, and Francis Campion.

Other Junior A members acted as ushers. These were: Meta Hawkins, Martha Howes, Viola Hutchinson, Grace Genest, Marion Barbour, Marguerite May, Marie Cullen, Virginia Denison, Mary Walsh, Lillian Hereaux, Mary O'Donnell, Jennie Corrinet, Charlotte Chapman, William Whalen, Edward Connally and Francis Campion.

Lawrence A. Goddeau, Sec'y.

Junior A Rotes

The Junior A Class held a very stormy meeting in the Lecture Room, February 18th. The meeting was for the purpose of electing new officers. Carmen Massimiano and Marjorie White were re-elected as president and treasurer, respectively. The new officers are John Gannon, vice-president, and Robert Forrest, secretary. Mr. Rudman was unanimously re-elected as class advisor. The subject of the Prom was taken up at length and was the cause of a fiery debate between Margaret Henry and James MacIntosh. Miss Henry contended that the idea of a Prom was all right in theory but when the time came, the boys would take girls

from other classes and the Junior A girls would be left out. Mr. MacIntosh argued against this, saying that most boys were interested particularly in one girl, and when a chance like this came, to take her out, naturally, they jumped at it. It was asked, "What is the matter with every night of the week?" However, it was a victory for the girls. It was decided to have a Prom and the members of the general committee were elected. Jimmy MacIntosh, Bobby Nolan, Peggy Smith and Greta Kennedy will have charge, together with the class president. Each member of the general committee will serve as chairman of a sub-committee. These will be chosen later.

The meeting was adjourned at three o'clock.

Lila Burns, '26

Commercial Junior B Class Meeting

A Junior B class meeting was held February 5 in Room 5. The following officers were elected:

President	Madalina Sammlar
Vice-President	
Treasurer	
Secretary	Irene Sheridan

Sophmore A Class Organization

The first meeting of the Sophomore "A" class was called to order by Sybil Sexton at recess in Room 10, January 13th.

Miss Baker was chosen Class Advisor.

President	Hattie Hinckley
Vice-President	Irma Chase
Secretary	
Treasurer	

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club at Commercial has been re-organized this term and is under the guidance of Miss McSweeney. Frances Drinon was elected president and Irene Sheridan secretary-treasurer. The club has started two plays which are now in rehearsal. The purpose of the club is to promote oral expression. This should help us a good deal in making our assemblies a success.

Irene Sheridan Commercial '27

G. Rice: "Julius Caesar didn't take a hair-cut for ten years."

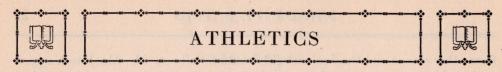
R. Osborne: I didn't know he was eccentric."

Rice: "He wasn't; he was bald."

Nancy Wellington: "Your dancing is like an Amy Lowell poem."

Bob Burbank: "How's that?"

N. Wellington: "The feet are all mixed up."



P. H. S. Mins Over Trop High

The Pittsfield High School basket ball team opened its season with a win over Troy High, December 20th, at the Boys' Club. The home team had no trouble scoring. Coach Carmody made several substitutions in the last half, which accounts for the small score. Captain "Bob" Heister and "Eddie" Stickles were the high scorers for P. H. S., Heister getting five hoops from the center of the floor besides playing his usual hard floor game. Stickles scored seven floor goals and one point on a free try. The final score was P. H. S. 34, Troy 12.

P. H. S. 23, Adams High 20

The school basketball team defeated Adams High in a league contest January 3rd at Adams. P. H. S. led 18 to 9 at half time but at one time in the second half Adams was within one point of the visitors. Heister and Stickles were again the shining lights for the winners.

St. Joseph's of Morth Adams Bows to Pittsfield

Wednesday, January 14th, P. H. S. won its second league game by defeating St. Joseph of North Adams at North Adams by a score of 18 to 9. The game was hard fought and rather rough due to close guarding. The passing of the winners was fine. Rose was the outstanding all around player of the contest.

We Drop One to Salem High

Score: Salem 21, P. H. S. 15

The game at Salem was considered one of the best seen on that floor for some time. "Eddie" Stickles was high scorer for Pittsfield getting two floor goals and two points on fouls. "Fran" Almstead made two double counters and one point on free try. Controy and Campion each made a floor goal.

Pittsfield Wins with Case Over Boys from the College Town

Score: P. H. S. 33, Williamstown 2

Pittsfield held its opponents without a floor basket while it piled up 33 points. All told Coach Carmody used nine men at different times during the contest. Arnold Rose was high scorer getting 14 points. "Eddie" Stickles was next with 13 points.

In the game with the Business College Saturday, January 31st, Pittsfield out stripped its opponants in the last few minutes play and came out "on top". Captain "Eddie" Stickles was high scorer getting 9 points, Rose was second getting 8.

Pittsfield lost to Manchester on the floor of the New Hampshire team. The game was close as the score 14 to 11 indicates. Manchester scored only four points, on free trys, in the second half—but it was enough to win.

P. H. S. Drops Its First League Contest

Score: Dalton 26, P. H. S. 15

The home team lost in an extremely slow game. In the first half Dalton took the lead and then "stalled" by holding the ball away from Pittsfield's five man defence. There were two "free-for-all" fights among the spectators during the latter part of the game.

P. H. S. Wins by a Thirty Point Margin

Score: P. H. S. 41, St. Joseph (N. A.) 11

The Pittsfield team defeated the team from the northern part of the county, for the second time by a still larger score than before. Coach Carmody used two teams in the course of the game. Rose and Campion scored nine points apiece being the high scorers.

Under the Hoop

The North Adams Transcript praises the sportsmanship of Pittsfield High. The Drury team was scheduled to play at the Boys' Club, Saturday, January 31st, but requested that the game be postponed owing to the crippled condition of the Drury team. It appears that several members of the team were ill with measles.

The team made a fine impression at Salem. One of the residents told Mr. Carmody that he hoped that P. H. S. would continue to play in the coast town.

Captain "Bobby" Heister, one of the best guards in the county, received a badly sprained ankle in practice, just before the game with the Business College. "Eddie" Stickles acted as captain in the absence of "Bob", who was unable to play until the Drury game.

In the Business College game Pittsfield was leading, but not by a very large margin, when the Coach called to "Hank" Garrison, who was up on the race track watching the game, to get into a uniform. "Hank" went into the game in the last period, he scored three hoops and gave the team confidence enough to score a 31 to 17 win. "Hank" played half-back last fall on the football team and was a fine little baseball player before he entered P. H. S.

Two fights were staged at the Dalton-P. H. S. game. Both Whalen of Pittsfield and Murray of Dalton were banished from the game. "Billy" will not be able to play any more basketball this season because of it. "Billy" is an "all" athlete, playing two years of football, so far, and being captain of baseball.

"Fay" Controy and "Tommy" Doyle were "conspicuous by their absence" in the games after the mid-year graduation. They have been with the team for several years, and have played baseball and football as well. "Tommy" was captain of football last year.

HERE'S TO LUCK IN THE FUTURE, BOYS.

Home Room Organization

STUDENT'S PEN

Room 1	Room 12
PresidentRoy Moore	PresidentTheodore Childs
Vice-President	Treasurer Victor Blais
Secretary & Treasurer Kathryn Ringie	Student CouncilJohn Gannon
Student's Council (reg)Justine Madden	Alternate Council John Gannon
Student's Council (alt) Kenneth Roberts	Alternate
Structu's Council (att) Keimeth Roberts	Program Committee—Lila Burns, William
	Gorman, Earle Green, Doris Carruthers, Eli
Room 3	Cooper.
President Edgar Almstead	
Canadam & T Edgar Almstead	Room 13
Secretary & Treasurer Eleanor Chaitin	President Edward Stickles
Prog. Com	Secretary Marie Cullen
Fred Chester	TreasurerJennie Corrinet
William Hetsler	Student's CouncilJames Hickey
Student's Council (reg) William Hetsler	AlternateCharles Coyle
Student's Council (alt)Sybil Lanue	Automate
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President	Student's Council Helen Durant
Secretary Arthur Milne	D 10 10
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Student's Council (alt)George Hunt	PresidentPaul Wood
Prog. Com Donald Marrill	Vice-President Grace Quirk
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Robert McLaughlin	Secretary Genevieve Mercier
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Secretary	Blanche Illingworth
Bank Trustees	Mildred Chown
	Parker Savage
	Margaret Cannon
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Sunshine Com	Ruth Barney
	Ruth Lutz
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	Bertha Sauer
Room Com	Viola Austin
	Irene Fadding
Students' Council	Anna Radgen
Students Council	Anne Rodger
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President	
Vice-President	Lillian Bushway
Secretary	Annabelle Bergeron
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Secretary	James McCarty
Treasurer	Agnes Hetrick
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	Patrick Lombardi
Room 10	
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President	Dorothy Philbin
Vice-President	Samuel Ruberto Margaret McKim Mildred Merriam Paul Rodgers
Secretary	Margaret McKim
Bank Trustee	Mildred Merriam
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Alumni Rotes

Frances Crowley, Emma Paro and Isabelle Patnode, Feb. '25 are working at the Pittsfield Telephone Co.

Telephone Co.

Ira May and Miriam Savage, '25 are at Berkshire Business College.

Evelyn Anderson, '25 is working at The Berkshire Loan and Trust Co.

Bob Burbank, Franklin Gamwell, John Dormer and Victor Fitch '25 are taking a P. G. course at P. H. S.

Mildred M.I. sughlin and Innet MacReth

Mildred McLaughlin and Janet MacBeth, '25 are At Home. Ella Buckler '23 has been elected secretary of the sophomore class at Massachusetts
Agricultural College.

"Cannie" Dickie and "Don" Retallick are

at Williston.
"Al" Backman is at Culver Military School, Culver, Indiana.

The engagement of Virginia Griffen '18 to C. Grant Loomis of North Adams was announced December 27, 1924.

Florence Hunt and Marian Ryan, Commercial '24 are attending North Adams Nor-

Wendell Budrow '24, student at Yale, has been awarded, the Ellsworth scholarship for

excellency in studies. Homer Cote '25, is working at the North

Union Drug Store.

Leonard Wills, Feb. '25, is studying at the

General Electric Porcelain plant.

Alumni Rotes-Commercial

The following are attending North Adams Normal School: Grace Lamb, Lura Lamb, Mary Ryan, Margaret Stanton, Catherine Hunt.

Lowell Normal School: Bella Levine. Salem Normal: Doris Carmel, Clarice Fris-

Rose Katz, a graduate of Salem, is at present teaching at Rice.

Freda Meriowitz is at Westfield.

Rose Frumkin is taking a course at Boston University.

Elizabeth Collins is teaching in Worcester, M. Cahill in Hinsdale, M. Conroy in Hinsdale and Dorothy Prew in Middlefield. Eloise Larkin, '23 is working in the office

of the Robbins, Gamwell and Company.

Ruth Newton, '24 is in the office of Rosenthal and Cummings.

Quite Plane

Childs: "Where is my poly gon (e)?"

Greene: "Up the geom(e) tree."





THE staff of the Exchange Department wishes to explain that all the comments of our department are not appearing in this issue as we are busy revising our Exchange List. The few comments in this issue are mainly criticisms of our own magazine. It will be our aim to make our department as helpful as possible to those schools with which we exchange, and at the same time to improve our own paper through comparison and suggestion. We are sorry to disappoint our readers this month, but watch for the "Exchange Department," in the next issue.

Exchanges

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges and to express the hope that we may hear from you all again.

"Oracle,"—Mount Vernon, N. Y. "Opinion,"—Peoria, Ill. "Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.

"Chronicle,"-Poultney, Vt.

"Folio,"—Flushing, N. Y.
"Folio,"—Flushing, N. Y.
"Delphian,"—Providence, R. I.
"Cue,"—Albany, N. Y.
"Johannean,"—Mountain Lakes, N. J.
"Volunteer, —Concord, N. H.
"Jeffersonian,"—Rochester, N. Y.

"Herald,"—Holyoke, Mass.
"Philomath,"—Framingham, Mass.
"Chronicle,"—Hartford, Conn.

"Garnet and White,"—West Chester, Pa.
"Signal,"—Columbia, Tenn.
"Chips,"—Richmond, Vt.
"Record,"—Boston, Mass.
"Spice,"—Norristown, Pa.

"Record,"—Littleton, N. H.
"Keramos,"—East Liverpool, Ohio.
"Herald,"—Westfield, Mass.
"Reflector,"—Woburn, Mass.
"Wallace World,"—Nashville, Tenn.

"Item,"—Dorchester, Mass.
"Imp,"—Brighton High School.

"Crimson and Gray,"-Southbridge, Mass.

As We See Others

"Keramos," East Liverpool High School, E. L. Ohio—Your Christmas number was very good. Why not make all your departments as large as your joke department?

"The Herald," Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.-Why don't you give some helpful suggestions to your exchanges? You have a good magazine.

"R. H. S. Chips," Richmond High School, Richmond, Vt.—Your January number is

very good. Keep it up.
"The Chronicle," Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.—Your December number was very interesting. We hope to see you again

As Others See Us

Student's Pen-Your poetry department

'R. H. S. Chips,"-Richmond, Vt.

Student's Pen-A magazine with particularly good stories and a very appropriate cover design. Your poets are certainly right down to business as your poetry department is the finest we have witnessed this year. The only suggestion to be made is that you enter a few cuts with your headings. Keep up the good work. You have a fine paper.
"The Philomath," F. H. S.—

Framingham, Mass.

Student's Pen-Was well named. The articles and stories were of high rank.
"Shucis,"—Schenectady, N. Y.

Student's Pen-You have originality in all your departments and the support of the school. We enjoyed the editorials particularly the one on "Hope."

"The Imp,"—Brighton High School Boston, Mass.

Student's Pen-Your paper is fine and very attractive. And you seem to have quite a few poets or poetesses, as the case may be. 'Signal,"—Columbia High School, Columbia, Tenn.

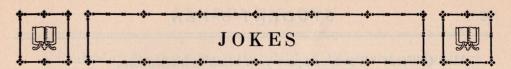
Student's Pen-Your Literary and Joke departments are exceptional, but where are your "ATHLETICS?

'Argus,"—Gardner, Mass.

Mr. Strout: "Can you direct me to the bank?"

Small Boy: "Yes, sir, for a quarter."

Mr. Strout: "Isn't that mighty high pay?" Small Boy: "Not for a bank director, sir."



Smiles from Here and There

Clerk: "What do you want?"

E. Lapham: "A rubber band, and make it snappy."

Mr. Russell to Millette: "What is made from wrought iron?" Millette: "Anchors, er-ah, and other household utensils."

B. Frank: "Are not brick layers great painters? They can draw things many masters could not draw?"

M. Hoyt: "What are they?"

B. Frank: "Good salaries."

A. Milne: "I'm a big gun at P. H. S."

Pater: "Then why don't I hear better reports?"

Mr. Boyd: "I found that, 'Not to be used except in case of fire' placard that those boys stole out of the corridor."

Mr. Strout: "Where?"

Mr. Boyd: "They had nailed it over the coalbin."

E. Greene: "What do they do in war when a marine is killed?"

A. Nagelschmidt: "Put a sub-marine in his place, I suppose."

J. Musgrove, a boy scout, (to old lady): "May I accompany you across the street?"

Old Lady: "Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?"

Mrs. Bennett: "In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy'?"

K. Roscoe: "I think it was his last battle."

J. MacIntosh: "Would you think it right to punish a boy for something he had not done?"

Miss Mills: "No, of course I shouldn't."

J. MacIntosh: "I haven't done my Latin."

J. Harding: "I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my Ford since I got it."

D. Robbins: "So the garage man told me."

STUDENT'S PEN

33

Miss Clifford: "Wood, compare your brain to a telephone."

Joe. Wood (dreamily): "Phone out of order."

C. Musgrove: "Why do they put handles on both sides of a bouillon cup?"

M. Nealon: "They have to provide for the left-handed guests, too."

D. Grum: "I wish you wouldn't keep humming that same tune over and over again."

B. Pomeroy: "But there are twenty verses."

* * * *

K. Shepardson: "Well, I've passed Latin at last."

Feldman: "Honestly?"

Shephardson: "What difference does that make."

* * * *

W. Yates: "Here's the dime I borrowed from you last week."

W. Noble: "Why, I'd forgotten all about it."

W. Yates: "Why didn't you say so before?"

She: "What is your occupation?"

He: "I used to be an organist."

She: "And why did you give it up?"

He: "The monkey died."

* * *

Miss Pfeiffer (trying to arrange an interview with Tanner): "What period may I see you? What do you have after lunch?"

Tanner: "Indigestion."

* * *

Miss Waite: "Can you tell me what a primitive forest is?"

K. Lazette: "A primitive forest is a place where no human hand has ever set foot."

M. Henry: "That tune keeps running through my head."

W. Noble: "Surely, there is nothing there to stop it."

Miss Morse: "Tell me what you know about the Mongolian Race."

G. Brown: "I wasn't there. I went to the basket-ball game."

"There's no change in him," said the doctor as he finished operating on the little boy who was supposed to have swallowed a penny.

Miss Clifford: "Why are you taking this course, Hunt?"

Hunt: "Er-well, because I am very fond of the subject. It gives me a new insight into problems which-er-I'm called upon to meet in every day life. It has been an inspiration to me."

Miss Clifford: "Very good' Now, Smith, you tell one."

A. Canfield: "I like that funny, little, soda clerk. He can always raise a laugh." M. Smith: "Yes, he actually made a banana split the other day."

Miss Morris (in English Class): "The next person whom I see chewing gum shall go to the office."

Pupil enters chewing gum.

Miss Morris: "Go to the office."

Pupil: "What for?"

Miss Morris: "Chewing gum."

Miss Morris (to pupil coming back): "What did they say?"

Pupil: "They haven't any."

Miss Mills: "Why did Rome fall?"

R. Nolan: "Stumbled on its toga."

Mrs. Bennett: "Why were you late?"

G. Brown: "I sprained my ankle and had to walk to school slowly."

Mrs. Bennett: "That's a lame excuse."

I went into the grocery store,

I asked them for some cheese,

They asked what kind I would prefer.

"Some dotted Swiss, sir, please."

* * * *

Miss Kaliher: "What was the compact that the Romans made with the inhabitants of Alba Longa?"

G. Whittlesey: "Could it have been Coty's?"

* * * .

I've heard a lot of dumb ones

In all my useless life-

Once I was asked if Joan of Arc

Was really Noah's wife.

* * * *

Maloy: "Stout people are seldom guilty of meanness or crime."

Riley: "I suppose that's because it is so difficult for them to stoop to anything low."

P. Genovese: "I'm raising a mustache, What color do you think it will

Phil. Ayer: "Grey, at the rate it's growing now."

ard this?

Girls have you ever heard this?

"I'll come for you at eight o'clock.

Please be ready because we are renting a car by the hour and don't want to waste any time."

35

W. Gorman: "I got ninety-two in Algebra."
T. Childs: "Who sat in front of you?"

* * * *

Miss Morse: "What great change occured during the World War?"

A. Nagelsmith: "Dad bought Mother a Ford."

Ted Childs: "It looks like rain."

J. Gannon: "What looks like rain?"

Childs: "Water."

B. Prodgers: "Did she invite you to call again?"

C. Owen: "No, she dared me to."

V. Dennison: "The gym is terribly crowded this year."

Nella Lyman: "Yes, last week I put my best sneaker on some other girl's foot."

Mrs. Bennett (to V. Fitch): "Now, Victor, what does a nice, clever, little boy do when he is in a full street car and sees an old lady who has to stand up?"

V. Fitch: "He pretends he is asleep."

John asked Clara

To take

A walk with him

And pick flowers.

But Clara's brother

Came along

And so-

They picked flowers.

Boll Weevil

F. Meagher: "Hate food."

B. Whalen: "Why?"

F. Meagher: "Spoils my appetite."

Lampoon

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In fact where eve strain is excessive the most uncomfortable and disastrous nerve disorders may be found.

Extreme headaches either frontal or back, itching of eye-lids, twitching of lids or eye-balls, blood-shot eyes, blurring of vision, dizziness, nausea and many other disorders may be traced to this source. To be thus afflicted means the using of much more nerve energy to compensate for the disorder which in turn means exhaustion and discomfort to the individual and certainly a lower percentage of usefulness for the person thus affected in this world.

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March 1925